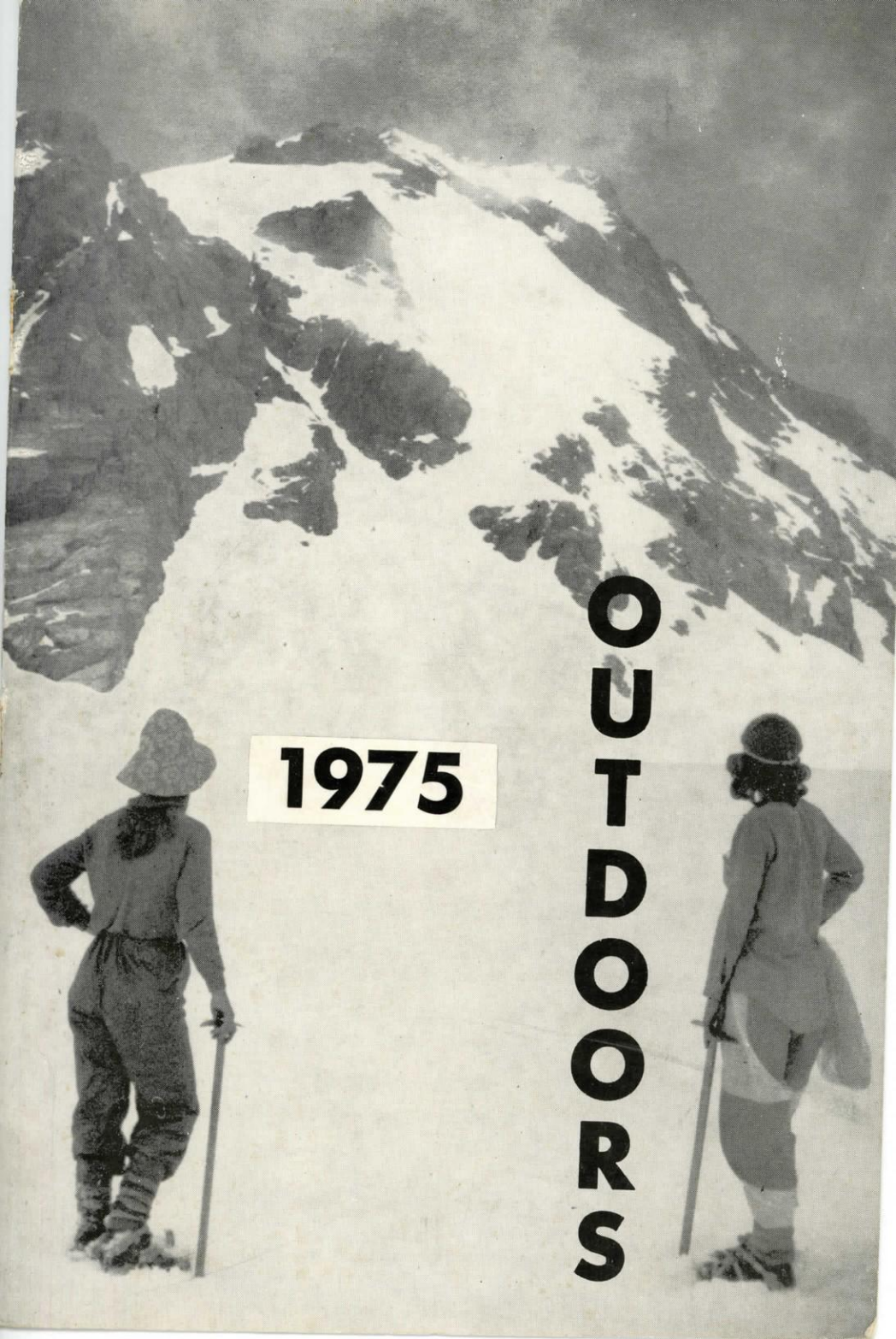




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OUTDOORS

The Official Journal of the

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

Dunedin, New Zealand.

Clubrooms: Top Floor, Cromwell Chambers, 9 Dowling Street,
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Front Cover: Mt Climax, Olivine Ice Plateau

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, 1975

This year I have been cajoled into writing you a message. Being at somewhat of a loss as to what to write I browsed through a few past messages to assist in formulating a few ideas. There have been messages about access, the education of newcomers to the hills and supporting the conservationists. As the club is a major user of the mountain country should we not be active in the welfare of the country in which we pursue our chosen recreation?

Consider the activities of the club: tramping, climbing, skiing, ski-touring and socialising. All of us have one particular activity which we find more desirable; however, none of us is perturbed about the amount of energy expended. We all enjoy the challenges the hills provide us with. Challenges against natural barriers and not other people. As we pursue our activities we are able to observe the country in which we travel. Because we walk (some masochists run!) we are able to observe closely and gain an intimate knowledge of the things about us. For those studying geomorphology the work of glaciers becomes alive. We develop an awareness of particular areas and notice any changes (I consider that there has been a decline in the kea population) that take place and also develop a sense as to the best form of recreational usage.

How many of us now visit areas where all we seem to do is follow red markers or cairns (every 20 metres or less). Do we ever question the desirability of these? The need for a sound knowledge of bushcraft appears to be waning (particularly in the more accessible areas); are we becoming nothing but a pack of track bashers? Will we become so dependent on huts that we will forget how to pitch a tent? Will we forget the hazards of the mountains? What will be the consequences of a bridge being washed away? We must educate people about the hazards that exist in the mountains, and to accept the hills as they are and not modify them. We must show people that we go to the hills to not only view the scenery (and the many different views that are unobtainable when driving along in your limousine at 80km per hour), but to mix with people, enjoying their company and most of all to enjoy and accept the challenges as they are.

To maintain the challenges we must comment on proposals which affect our recreation. We must learn the history of the proposals and of earlier decisions. To do this we need to draw on *all* members of the club. Everybody is able to contribute in some way. There are the names of people on the club roll that have anonymous faces; names that we sometimes hear and the personalities that they represent. You are as much a part of this club as anyone else, we all have an interest in the mountains. See you around.

Murray Kokich.

MY PLEA AS EDITOR

Before I start let me say that neither my fellow editor nor the Tramping Club Committee necessarily share my views although they are most welcome to do so.

Firstly, most of you who are reading this little contribution to literature are a lazy bunch of ignorant slob. Because dear, hurt little people you failed to even produce the goods when you were bloody well asked! Hence this offering is rather thin and, furthermore, future publications will continue to be so if you sit on your heavy, fat, inert posteriors for the rest of the year watching, God help us, television. There is no such excuse that you haven't got time, it's simply that you aren't using it to the full extent. So, little ignorant slob, if I hear, or hear of, any of you criticising any part of this publication I will personally attempt to transplant your teeth as far down as your bowels!

Secondly, are we trying to produce competition for Moir's Guide book or a publication of reasonable literary standard that, among other things, also acts as a record of the past year of the club's activity? While I do not dispute that it is extremely difficult to infuse life and humour into an article describing the last dying gasp of a trumper it is quite possible to do it with any other articles and that includes every article in this publication. Some have done as I suggest and I find them extremely good reading. While Outdoors is supposed to act as a catalyst to get you all out again for another year of ankle spraining, knee twisting, elbow greasing, muscle toning doings it is also supposed to be a vehicle to higher thoughts and inspiration. The cost of bringing out a publication such as this is not small in terms of our club's resources and if most of you are going to treat writing for Outdoors as a burden then it might be cheaper and better for all concerned, particularly us two editors, if we didn't produce Outdoors at all. I can almost hear the howl of outrage from here ... or is it just my imagination?

What I would dearly love to see is that every person who contributes a trip report also contributes another article or poem that is an effort at literary genius. Some of the poems in this publication are, I think, beautifully written and are worthy of places amongst literary journals of merit, not just Outdoors. What I am trying to say, while beating about the bush, is that quite frankly (with all due respect to the contributors) all of you can do better than this. I'm tempted to say that by far my most interesting period has been editing the club roll but that would be facetious and untrue.

If by now you haven't been so incensed and offended that you have promptly resigned (without telling anyone) why don't you set to and write something for Outdoors '76 that is likely to stimulate, interest, inform and amuse without having to be asked, bullied, tempted or pleaded with by the next editor.

'nuff said.

Russell George.

OUT WITH THE TARARUAS or DAYS OF WIND AND ROSES

The fixture card for the Tararua Tramping Club Incorporated for Sunday, 5th October, 1975, read "Nikau Creek—McKerrow Ridge—BB Camp". Trip leader, Ray Munster, had informed me that the Tararuas would be out "Come hell or high water". I was a bit dubious about this as the Boeing had made two lunges at Rongatai Airport plus a trip back to Christchurch before setting down on the tarmac at Wellington. The capital city was then being caressed by a 60-miles-an-hour zephyr which no one would believe hadn't come up from Dunedin. It was also raining hard.

The next day at the Wellington Railway Station my first sight of the members of the Tararua Tramping Club—famed in song and story—came as somewhat of a surprise. I expected gaunt hollow-eyed men exhausted from fighting the gales that sweep up from the Pole and used to crashing onto the floors of deserted huts in the Paul Powell tradition in the last stages of hypothermia. From whence they would be suitably succoured by tall, deep-breasted women wearing SW shorts over XXOS thighs. I was disappointed as there seemed to be nothing of the heroic tradition in the handsome lads and comely lasses that met me on the east side of the Wellington Railway Station but it wasn't long before I found myself fighting for the honour of O.T.M.C. to avoid being relegated to my customary position of arse-end Charlie at the rear of the slow group. When the Tararuas tramp they mean business.

After introductions and a short delay while heads were counted we left the railway station and turned onto the Hutt Road. We drove through Petone, crossed the Hutt River, swung hard left for a period and then doubled in our tracks to drive through Wainui and then on to Wainuiomata ascending a somewhat fearsome hill in the process. We stopped at the Boys' Brigade Camp which is roughly east of Eastbourne behind an unimposing range of hills. There was an exchange of bods and we retraced our steps to Wainuiomata and then to Nikau Creek which takes its source on the 2,000-foot contour. I felt each and every one of those 2,000 feet. Nikau Creek is very deceptive. It bubbles along quietly over almost level ground for a start and then gradually the terrain changes, large rocks and steep banks appear which necessitate numerous crossings. I counted a hundred and then gave up. Supple-jacks lie in wait for the unwary feet, bluffs force frequent detours and part of the terrain is unfirm. It isn't long before one is in the "Me Tarzan—you Jane" country and one finds oneself swinging from bough to bough. We came to a particularly nasty corner. It was one of those "Faith and friction" jobs and I still don't know how Ray, who was leading, managed to negotiate it. There was about a 40-foot drop down into the creek, nothing much in the way of hand holds and still less in the way of foot holds. I was greatly indebted to Pete who held me firm with one hand when my two feet shot off in the general direction of Fanny-Adams who seems to accompany me on all trips of the slightest difficulty. The last stages of the creek were rather grim. The footing was unstable and the odd rock thought nothing of crashing way down into the creek when any weight was placed on it and a lot of elderly tree roots resented being disturbed and took off without notice. Apart from all this climbing conditions were excellent. We passed through some beech and the pungas, especially as we gained altitude, were remarkable.

Toward 1 o'clock just when I thought that Nikau Creek was never going to run out of "up" we arrived at the Whakanui Track which after the creek bed was virtually civilised. We lunched in a glade of pungas about 1.30 on the track.

About 3 o'clock the Whakanui Track bisected the McKerrow Track and we were on our way down. The McKerrow Track is much the same—beech,

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pungas and second growth. It affords good views right across the Wellington Harbour to the city. We had had a few spots of rain at the top of the Nikau but they came to nothing and we descended the McKerrow in sunshine with the harbour views becoming more impressive. We weren't exactly deafened by the trilling of bell-birds or the whoosh of pigeons but they were about.

About 4 o'clock we reached our rendezvous at the Boys' Brigade Camp on the Coast Road.

Wellington Harbour and the Hutt River sparkled in the sun as we drove home and the racing keelers on the harbour angled over in the slight southerly.

We parted at the railway station after I had extended a global invitation to the T.T.C. to visit O.T.M.C. at Dowling Street.

As for the wind—Wellington let us down; there just wasn't any.

As for the roses—well, the ladies and lasses of the T.T.C. are just as charming and friendly as their Dunedin counterparts.

I was endeavouring to sidle into the bar of the pub when an obvious University-type addressed me: "I say, are you one of these tramping types?" "Yeah," I answered in laconic mountain fashion. It seemed this was going to develop into the "Because it's there" routine. "And where have you been today?" he persisted. "Me and the Tararuas have been putting out a new route on Nikau Creek." I said modestly.

Derry Neil, O.T.M.C., with thanks to T.T.C. members, Ray Munster, Ken Barnes, Michael McLanders (Brisbane Bushwalkers or is it Bushwhackers?), Jan Robertson, Dorothy Haig, Peter Wilcock, Josephine Bolton, Cheryl Gray, Nora Hobcroft and Helen Caughey

LABOUR WEEKEND '75

The bus dropped us off at Greney's shelter on the Arthurs Pass road. The next morning, or should I say the same morning saw us heading off up the Edwards Valley. The Edwards Hut (or more of a house) was reached about two.

Just settled in and the sky opened up and water poured out. I woke frequently that night with the thunderous roar on the roof.

By morning the wind and rain had stopped and the snow started. One party left that morning and presumably got out, as we never saw them again. It snowed all day and all night and was still going the following morning. One party left early and the rest of the hut followed about two hours later. At the top of a long descent we met them coming back with the news that the east branch was a raging river. Back at the hut we called Park H.Q. on the radio and told Ross (the leader) the story.

Next morning (Tuesday and still snowing) we crossed the river and the sky cleared. An hour or so later saw us back at the road where we met Ross and a Park Ranger in a car. We got a lift to Christchurch as I wanted to do some shopping. After a quick feed and a bit of aggro with the man behind the counter about credit, we finally boarded the railcar and six long hours later arrived home.

Brian Davies,

for Ralph Loughrey, Martin Peppers, Owen Hughs and Catherine McLean.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS TRIP, '74 CHRISTMAS TRIPS

Stick-up Creek (after Christmas): 9 days F.E.—Murray Kokich, phone 23-653.

That's what it said on the trip list. Questions arose; where was "Stick-up Creek"? What could a party of F.E. trampers do there for 9 days?

On personal enquiry, Mr President admitted that he knew where "Stick-up Creek" was, and that he had a smouldering desire to have a look at Mt Tutoko (and not from the Harris Saddle—more's the pity)—go in via Stick-up Creek which involves a boat ride across the Hollyford—good fun (or a bribe?). Stay at the head of the creek for a few days' climbing (peak bagging?) then cross the Ngapunateru Plateau, and drop down into the Harrison, for another boat ride—this time to Milford. So was the plan; the boat rides sounded like fun and any doubts about not knowing the area were quelled by our confidence in Mr President, as he had at least been up Stick-up Creek before.

Mr President managed to find six other keen(?) trampers with nothing else to do over this period. He was so obviously enthused to have found this charming group of keen trampers that he organised the boat transport, food, and tents himself. They, in turn, found themselves committed to exploring the depths of the Darrans with El Presidente.

Two people loads left Dunedin in cars separately and met at the camping ground at Knobs Flat. On the journey down, one blue VW threw a wobble—and so one flat tyre had to be changed—(breaks the monotony of the trip)!. The next day, the weather looked promising (drat) and away we headed for the Hollyford road end; all of our neatly-sorted food was thrown into various piles, and away we nearly went, but alas!; there was an uneven number of boots. Was the other boot in the car thoughtfully left at the Hollyford turn off? Or was it beside the road where the VW threw her wobble? Or would one of our party be breaking in loopy Murray Gunn's boots? All was well as the boot was found hiding in the car.

Away we all went, pretending not to notice the weight of our packs, tramping merrily along the track to Hidden Falls, on the first fine day after 10 days of rain. Restrained abuse was hurled at those who followed too closely through the many muddy puddles. As the steam rose from the forest and the crickets cricketed continuously we tried to convince ourselves we were going to have fun.

After lunch at Hidden Falls, the fit and the not-so-fit were sorted out. The "avant garde" travelled from Lower Pike to Stick-up Creek in the first jet boat trip and prepared tea, etc., whilst those in the second trip got a drink of loopy cordial from the hut and a sneak preview of Lake Alabaster, before the fun ride down the slightly-swollen river (over rapids—around log debris).

A good tea and sleep followed by the first muesli breakfast, and away we were, going up Stick-up Creek. We followed the actual creek for about a quarter of an hour then headed into the bush, at an angle to the stream, following El Presidente closely as we didn't want to get lost. After fighting with giant creepers for a while, we came across a stream which we crossed, then sidled around the end of a ridge, and then up it (unknown to us the fatal step had been taken). Up we went, grateful for our ice-axes, groping for tree roots and foliage. One hour later we were still going—El Presidente was much happier, at last we were away from the valley floor and soon we would hear the waterfall in Stick-up Creek, and then up one tricky bit, around the corner and into the basin where there was a great camping spot. After lunch, without any water (because we would be passing Stick-up Creek) El Presidente began to have doubts about our fitness (as we had yet to pass some familiar areas)—or his route-finding. We couldn't see below

us because of mist in the valley, but we could hear a waterfall, so on we grunted up the never-ending ridge, stops becoming more frequent as the enthusiasm and energy of some of the party members waned. The ridge gradually flattened out, which wasn't really in keeping with El Presidente's memory. Finally, at one rest area, while waiting for the (once) happy trampers to catch up with one another, our trusty leader surged up the ridge, and returned slowly 20 minutes later as we awaited his verdict with apprehension, ice-axes at the ready. The elusive waterfall was still falling but the mist had cleared and from El Presidente's vantage point our fate was revealed. It was too much to cope with; we all had to see for ourselves, so we all wandered to the high point on the ridge, via a nice wide ramp. There, as we stood on the concrete-mounted survey peg, we saw the Red Hills, Lakes Alabaster and McKerrow, Mt Dot behind us and the all-too-distant location of Stick-up Creek.

After photographs were taken to record this memorable occasion we turned our backs on this scenic side trip and proceeded in the direction from whence we had just come, 3,000ft earlier.

We camped one hour back down the ridge near the only tarns we had seen all day, and boiled up tea, while a sleeping bench was made from moss. After tea, and an incredible spongy sleep we followed our breakfast downward. Yet another new route down this bush-clad mountainside was claimed. Tarzan-acts were performed by all members of the party, using tree roots, crown fern, and as the going got more vertical, ropes, with and without packs (no need for crampons though!). Finally, battling through giant creepers we found Stick-up Creek again and spent the night nearby. Next day, "the bott" hit, El Presidente being the volunteer recipient. To fill in the day his faithful followers deserted him in his death throes, in favour of a recce of the true route up Stick-up Creek, but to no avail.

Next day, another jet boat ride as "the bott" gradually moved through the party (a short, new route to Lake Alabaster Hut from Lower Pike turn off was made by some). The day was spent swimming, sunbathing and recovering at Lake Alabaster, sex discrimination reared its ugly head as two of the males went rowing together, refusing *all* female offers of companionship. That evening the pounding in our heads was complemented by the frequent slamming of the hut door by other hut occupants.

On Thursday we headed for the road but with many stops, headaches and trots we only made Hidden Falls for the night. There followed a long trot out to the road with clear, sunny skies and, after much mucking around at Gunn's (while tyres were fixed at Milford) our tale was related at Homer Huts.

For those feeling better, a most pleasant day was spent up the Bowen River, swimming in big, deep pools and looking at loopies over the falls, while others botanised, and recovered at Homer. Two car loads of "botted" people left for Dunedin via swims in the Mararoa River or via the Deer Park, Gore and Clinton.

The dreaded "bott" missed none of our number. Those who did not succumb in Fiordland were smitten at a later date. So ended the President's 9-day Christmas trip.

Sara Glasson,
for Dot Brown, Rua Mercier, Lindsay Olsen,
John Begg, Rod Phillip, Murray Kokich.



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AMERICANS REALISE NEED TO MODIFY WILDERNESS PROTECTION POLICY

(By Bruce Mason)

In 1964 the United States Congress passed the Wilderness Act in an attempt to maintain wilderness values in various federal reserves.

The Act defines "A wilderness, in contrast to those areas where man and his work dominate the landscape as an area where the earth and the community of life are trammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain." These pristine lands must also be able to provide "tranquility, spiritual uplift and re-juvenation of mind and body."

Congress realised that if something was not done to preserve these values, they would continue to be steadily eroded away. It appears that 10 years later, and in part as a direct result of the Act, the wildernesses are already being affected by over-use.

The areas concerned are largely within National Parks and National Forests, and the designation of such areas, as "wilderness," makes them inviolate to development by the controlling agencies. Perhaps the fact that the Act was necessary was an admission that the National Parks were not achieving their preservationist role, and that the multiple use policy of the Forest Service was at an imbalance.

Areas of at least 5,000 acres or "of sufficient size as to make practicable their preservation and use in an unimpaired condition," and with "outstanding opportunities for solitude or a primitive and unconfined type of recreation," are assessed for inclusion in a National Wilderness Preservation System.

The generalised use of the word "wilderness" in North America would be very misleading if translated directly to New Zealand. However, many of our unroaded back country areas could, for comparison, be regarded as having wilderness characteristics.

RECREATION BOOM

The United States National Park Service and Forest Service have recorded a 500 per cent increase in the number of persons tramping away from roads during the past five years.

The origins of this boom are increasing population pressures coupled with increased leisure and prosperity. Ease of access brought about by roading and track systems has removed the element of remoteness from most areas, bringing them within the leisure time reach of most people.

One would have expected, as the park planners did, an even and predictable increase in back country recreation. However, a disastrous underestimate of the sociological impact of the Wilderness Act has almost reduced these wildernesses from something special to little more than a common-place experience.

POLICY

The land management agencies entrusted to preserving the wilderness reacted to the booming use by constructing more tracks, of a higher standard, in an attempt to absorb the influx of visitors.

Confining foot traffic to well-established tracks was seen as necessary to preserve vegetation and soils from indiscriminate trampling.

Meadows, lake and river shores, have been found to be particularly vulnerable to degradation and it is now general policy in the United States to re-route existing tracks and not to establish new tracks near these fragile areas, which have traditionally been prime camping locations. Attempts to minimise human impact by the provision of huts, shelters, and toilets, have compounded the problem by generating greater use.

It is now widely recognised that this attempt to absorb public demand through the provision of facilities has in turn contributed greatly to over-use problems.

22 A public education programme preaching "minimum impact" in back-country recreation is the centrepiece of efforts to halt the despoilation of the wildernesses although it is now recognised that the programme began far too late for an appreciable reduction on the impact of the "boom".

A code of use has evolved in each area, and is summarised as follows:—

- (1) Plan trips to minimise rubbish.
- (2) Pack out what you pack in—carry out all unburnable rubbish.
- (3) Keep group size to a minimum—four is an ideal size.
- (4) Minimise campsite construction.
- (5) Avoid using vegetation for mattresses—use foam pads.
- (6) No camping within 100 feet of lake shores, streams or tracks.
- (7) Avoid congregated camping.
- (8) Avoid using bright-coloured tents.
- (9) Keep detergent out of streams and lakes.
- (10) Dig latrines at least 200 feet from water.
- (11) Use petrol stove rather than fire.
- (12) Use only small fires and dismantle fireplace on leaving.

REGULATING USE

Perhaps the most difficult ideological decision in the history of the United States national parks has been to restrict the freedom of entry to these public lands. Since individual freedoms are loudly acclaimed and fiercely defended in the United States, the restrictions show how serious the problem of over-use has become.

Entry permits have come into general use during the last two years. All trampers are now required to obtain a permit from a ranger station before any overnight trip.

Ecological and sociological considerations determine the maximum carrying capacities for each management zone within the parks and wilderness. If a desired zone of use is "full", then the tramping overflow is directed to below-capacity zones, if available.

The "full house" concept for National Parks, is gaining general acceptance as being unavoidable, unless there are radical changes in public attitudes and alternative areas are available to absorb incompatible recreations and tourist pressures.

ALASKAN EXAMPLE

About 80 per cent of the 3,000 square miles of Mt McKinley National Park (Alaska) is non-mountainous, the rolling hills and valleys supporting undisturbed populations of grizzly bear, caribou, mountain sheep, wolves and moose. Dwarf scrubs, lichens and "taiga" forest complete a tundra landscape set against the magnificent backdrop of 20,400ft Mt McKinley.

The park's back-country management is unique in North America. Unlike the national parks in the rest of the United States and Canada, increases in usage were predictable and a management system was devised to prevent problems developing. Until 1971 no direct road access was available to the park, although 50,000 visitors arrived by train each year. There was a 500 per cent increase in total visitors in 1972 to 300,000, as a result of direct road access being completed. Back-country tramping jumped from "negligible" to some 3,000 man/days.

To relieve congestion on the only road through the park, private vehicles were prohibited in 1973, and replaced by a free shuttle bus service.

With a further increase to 9,000 tramper man/days last year, carrying capacities were determined with the objective of protecting wildlife from disturbance and maintaining a high quality wilderness experience.

This year was the first for enforcing an entry permit system, designed to keep the level of use to 9,000 man/days.

The main feature of this management system is that no attempt is being made to absorb demand by the provision of tracks and other facilities. The

regulated low density use should ensure that at least one small part of North America will remain in a primitive condition as a reference area for present and future generations.

LESSONS FOR N.Z.

Present-day trends in North America probably suggest what New Zealand's situation will be in the near future. The main lessons that both the public and the planners can draw on are four in number.

- (1) With an increasingly urbanised society, New Zealand cannot afford to under-rate the future demand of its citizens to experience the spiritual values attainable in wild and remote places. However, these values cannot be isolated and expected to survive in wilderness areas, but must be present in all back-country lands, regardless of tenure, which are available for public recreation.
- (2) At a time of steadily increasing participation in back-country recreation, and rapid easing of access, urgent efforts must be made by all concerned to minimise their impact.
- (3) Attempts to absorb increasing back-country use by creating more tracks, huts and other facilities, is self-generating of use and leads to over-use.
- (4) There is no alternative to restricting entry by a permit system when over-use is threatened.

This article was first printed in the "Otago Daily Times" of 24th December, 1974, and appears, with one amendment, by kind permission of the Editor, "Otago Daily Times".

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL, 1975

The 1975 Christmas Social was held on the weekend of the 13-14th December at Dave Still's "Pick and Shovel" situated on the shores of Lake Mahinerangi. People arrived in dribs and drabs during the afternoon and were greeted by cool, blustery conditions.

The bun-on-a-string-eating competition was postponed, and due to lack of participation the '74 versus '75 Presidents' race was cancelled. Tents and flies were erected in the more sheltered areas with the prize going to Grib and Crew (luckily the lake didn't rise). Tea was cooked either inside Dave's place or in the big tent, away from the wind.

The social was held inside, as weather conditions were not very inviting. Balloons and streamers added the Christmas touch to the event. Wine spilling (accidental?) was the order of the night, as those with large red stains on their overtrousers will recall. Banjo music filled the air until everyone drifted outside to be toasted by the best bonfire of many a year. Thoroughly warmed, people began heading for some sleep.

Next morning, 91 weary eyes were greeted by rain and snow. It was now people regretted not taking local advice by leaving the vehicles at the "car park" sign at the top gate. Thanks to Dave Still's Land-Rover all those who feared for more snow made a hasty, muddy exit. A few hardy trampers remained, and they had much to do—there were two dozen buns to be eaten (rather nice toasted, with butter) and a large quantity of licorice to be devoured, as the weather had not improved for these competitions to be held. The band of bright balloons were released, as the small group of stayers left for suburbia mid-Sunday afternoon, in fine, dry, windy conditions.

The weather conditions made for a *different* type of Christmas social—most could smile on Sunday, so it can't have been all that bad, and it has been said that some even enjoyed themselves.

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TE ANAU TO MANAPOURI—THE HARD WAY

It is 10 miles of flat going from Te Anau to Manapouri—by road . . .

On the evening of 18th December, 1974, four of us; John Begg, Dick Bowman, Grant McFarlane and the author, stood on the shore of Lake Te Anau at the mouth of the Worsley Stream, watching the "Tawera" chug away, our last link with the "outside world" for three weeks.

The Worsley provided easy travel next day, and we reached the South Worsley Saddle that evening, held up only by a fishing expedition in the Prospect, which produced a large eel for tea. Rain was falling as we crossed the saddle to the spacious bivvy rock in the head of the Wild Natives River.

An extremely violent N.W. storm that night cleared by morning and allowed us to continue down the Wild Natives. Large boulders at the outlet of Lake Bernard caused frustration and delay, but were soon passed, and by mid-morning the following day the Pitt River junction near Bligh Sound, was reached. Camp set up, we headed down to the Sound, returning later with a number of fat cod.

Route-finding blunders by the author caused unnecessary traverses of steepness as the Pitt was tackled next morning, but eventually Lake Beddoes, which has its outlet in a huge (invisible) chasm, was reached and skirted, to a good campsite at the head. Our normal diet was supplemented when Grant ran down a fawn in the bush.

Easy going in the upper Pitt next day soon led us onto a mist-surrounded Oilskin Pass, and thence down into the Glaisnock via an extremely pleasant hanging valley. The Glaisnock terminates in a beautiful tussock-and-beech-floored cirque, leading to an easy bush-line pass which we crossed and descended into the Edith River. Some green, grassy clearings a short distance down the Edith proved irresistible, so camp was set up about mid-afternoon. Further down the Edith, the following day, much discussion ensued as to which creek (waterfall) we had to climb in our route to avoid Lake Alice. The final decision proved to be the right one, and after a steep climb and descent, we continued up the hanging valley to a low pass to the Wapiti watershed. Once again a pleasant spot—this time the head cirque—caused an early halt. Christmas Day involved a short and very enjoyable amble down past Lake Sutherland to Thomson Hut for a large Christmas dinner; and an easy Boxing Day walk over the track brought us to the goodies in the air dump at George Sound Hut. The Overlander Ridge was the next day's objective, and the wire crossing in the Stillwater River was reached that afternoon. The following day the flat Stillwater was followed to Lake Merchant where two wapiti cullers came over for a chat before we dropped the short distance to Caswell Sound Hut. After 10 fine days we were physically and mentally very tired so a pit day was declared in the hut. It rained.

The Crow-selected route from Caswell Sound turned out to be very steep-looking for the first 500 metres, so an easy way, in the form of the F.V. "Mokai" was selected, and early next morning, after breakfast on board and a look at the route from further out on the Sound, we were set ashore at a creek about 1km down the Sound from the hut. From there it was a fairly easy trip, climbing steadily up deer tracks beside waterfalls to some tussock flats. Rain was falling steadily as we headed up to the chosen pass, and then dropped steeply into a hanging valley on the other side. All of us were cold and wet, so camp was set up at the first available spot early in the afternoon.

Very heavy rain eased off by morning, and we discovered we had come over the wrong pass, but fortunately had ended up in the right watershed, so we descended steeply to the Irene River. No one was interested in visiting Charles Sound (about a mile away) as we continued up the valley.

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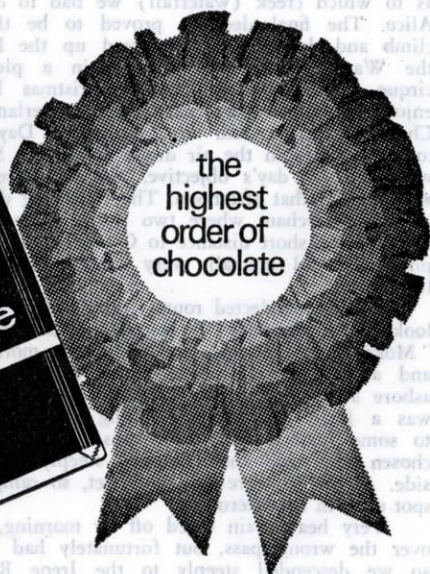
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Sunshine on a stretch of flats allowed some drying out, but more rain forced an early stop further up, and prevented movement until the next afternoon, when, after some travelling up the valley, we went up to bush-line to camp in one of the most delightful parkland basins I have seen in Fiordland.

Patches of sunshine and rain followed us over the pass into a hanging valley leading down to Hidden Lake in the Cozette Burn. Camp was made further down the Cozette at the Tuaraki junction, where rain forced us to stay all the next day.

Bradshaw Sound was the next objective, but a major tributary, the Elaine River, was deemed uncrossable due to the rain and we therefore climbed into the Elaine instead, to camp above the second lake. Our caution with the river was rewarded with a completely fine day for the trip over into the Awe Burn. This involved climbing up the Onehu Creek, probably the most spectacular creek of the trip, to some delightful tussock flats with an incredible view across to a large waterfall in another branch of the Onehu. From here, extremely pleasant going past waterfalls and deep blue lakes led to a saddle overlooking Lake Annie, to which we descended and then skirted to drop steeply into the Awe Burn to camp.

The extreme disorganisation and lack of preparation for the trip showed up as we heeded bad-weather signs, and headed down the Awe Burn rather than try the Oonah Saddle. Very easy flat going in the creek took us to the shores of Lake Manapouri. Unfortunately, we were in N. Arm, not near West Arm as expected, and no boats were visible thus we retraced our steps to the campsite of the previous night, and then set out in the morning in thick mist up to the Oonah Saddle, where, miraculously, the weather cleared and a very dilute sun shone through high cloud. Bouldery terrain and the lakes at the head of the Oonah Burn slowed progress a little but soon easy going was reached and eventually the shores of Lake Manapouri (West Arm) about 6 p.m. A short wait, then, incredibly, a tourist boat appeared, and in response to much waving, came over to us. Although it was full, the skipper assured us of a pick up later that night, and about 9 p.m. we clambered aboard bound for Manapouri township.

Thus ended one of the most pleasant and enjoyable Fiordland trips I have ever done. Despite the little preparation, miraculously the trip was a great success, due mainly to the much good weather, and good luck.

Dave Craw.



LABOUR WEEKEND

TRIP: Bruce Stream, Lagoon Saddle (3,850ft), Harper River, Long Creek, a saddle (5,500ft), Amphitheatre Creek, Avoca River, Galilee Creek, Jordon Saddle (4,850ft), Jordon Stream, Waimakariri River.

PARTY: Mike Thomas, Howden Finnie, Dennis Greer, Angela Pearson.

Our weary party was dropped off on the roadside in the early hours of Saturday morning and bedded down in the shelter of a nearby crib. Next morning a quick departure was made after discovering that many of the nearby buildings were occupied.

By 8 a.m. we were moving slowly up Bruce Creek on a cold, cloudy morning, and within a short distance the slowest party member slipped into a pool and emerged soaking wet. The first saddle was reached by 12 a.m. after a steep climb, and the comfort of a hut soon after. A map on the hut door showed that our proposed route up Taru Creek was in the middle of an animal research area (into which entry was prohibited), so reluctantly we decided to follow Long Creek.

After a scramble of one and a-half hours down the Harper River we reached what appeared to be Long Creek, and then climbed up onto the ridge on the true right of the creek. From the bottom the rain started to fall and further up a cold wind blew. At 4.30 p.m. we were lucky to find a clearing on the ridge with a trickle of water flowing past, and there we camped for the night.

Tea was followed by arguments as to which way watches should be adjusted to allow for the daylight saving, the opinion of our botanist prevailing over those of the rest of the weary party. Hence, we set our watches back one hour.

During the night strong winds lashed our tent and fly as the rain continued to fall, and later a thunder storm woke up the party.

In the morning the tired party leader could not follow or agree with the previous argument on daylight saving, but accepted it as he could not think clearly on the matter. Consequently, the party at 10 a.m. (correct daylight time as are all the following) climbed to the end of the ridge in cold, windy and wet conditions, and then discovered we were on the true left hand side of Long Creek. The party sidled down to the creek bed through snow, scree and bush (disturbing four deer on the way), and had lunch where we had intended to camp the previous night. It was obvious at this stage that we would not have been able to do the planned trip because of the bad weather and lack of fitness of most of the party.

After a long climb (over three hours) to the snow-covered saddle the slow half of the party met Dennis and Howden at the top. The very rapid descent, down the true left branch of Amphitheatre Creek, that followed was made possible by the steepness of the scree and the efforts of the party in keeping Angela on her feet and moving a lot faster than normal.

The Avoca River was reached at 8 p.m. and the party was encouraged to continue on up the river flats (where nine deer were seen) to the next creek before we camped. Monday morning dawned after a very damp night in which even our sleeping bags got soaked. During breakfast we noticed how cold and quiet it was outside the tent, and then we saw that the ground was being quickly covered in snow. Our damp woollen and waterproof clothes were reluctantly donned and another late start (10 a.m.) saw us heading up Galilee Creek.

To avoid crossing the cold creek we climbed onto a ridge and then missed the true right hand branch of the creek. With the aid of our map and a little guess work we regained the correct branch of the creek and followed it to the bushline.

A very steep climb in soft snow lying over fine, loose scree brought the exhausted party to the top of Jordon Saddle at 2 p.m. We tried to race down Jordon Stream in case the bus decided to wait for us (parties were

supposed to meet the bus at 3 p.m.), but the stream meandered down the bottom of a gorged valley which meant many cold crossings were necessary. The snow finally stopped falling when the Waimakariri River was reached, and upon arriving at the road (at 8 p.m.) we were pleased to hear the bus had not left.

Mike Thomas.

THAT'S HOW IT WAS

Sometime just before Christmas '74 Stretch, Hank and myself were seen travelling northwards on a tour around the South Island.

Somewhere near Waianakarua it dawned upon myself that my pair of size 8 Ansons were still sitting on the back porch at home. Amongst laughter and abuse we travelled onwards in Hanks Mk. IV to Oamaru where an hour and a-half was used in finding a suitable pair of boots.

The night was long and after a small sojourn in Christchurch we arrived at a small mosquito-ridden rest area just short of Hanmer Springs.

The hot springs were quite enjoyable until we were told to get rid of our beach ball (given to Stretch for Christmas). After a detour to the Acheron Accommodation House (on route to Molesworth Station) we were seen to arrive at Kaikoura sometime after tea.

An abortive attempt was made to reach the base of Tapuaenuku (the highest peak in the Kaikouras) the following morning. However, later on in the day we managed to penetrate a small distance up the Hodder Valley. After an early night and an early morning rise we continued up the Hodder in good spirits, but our spirits were soon dampened (literally). The Hodder originates from Tapuaenuku in a small, swift and furious channel, which must be crossed many, many times—70 times on the way up, 70 times on the way down. A pleasant afternoon was spent sunbathing at the Tararua Tramping Club Hut (approx. 4,800ft up Tapuaenuku). After an early morning start we were on top of Tapuaenuku for lunch on a very, very hot day. A fairly fast descent was made to the hut by ardsading and glissading. After a short rest we headed down the horrible Hodder reaching the car in about five hours from the hut. We arrived at Blenheim five minutes too late, 10.05 and tonight was Christmas Eve.

Christmas Day saw us travelling to Nelson; camping at Tahunanui Camp; receiving a hell of a burning from the sun on the beach; and consuming hamburgers for Christmas dinner.

After a couple of days at Nelson, a pleasant day was spent at Lake Rototoi which included an enjoyable hour or so of water skiing.

Travelling down the West Coast via the Buller Gorge we reached Arthurs Pass at some time. An early start the following morning saw us making good time up Rome Ridge on Mt Rolleston until we reached the Rome Gap, where we attempted the wrong side of the ridge. Rectifying our mistake we were soon on the top of the Low Peak. The sunbathing on top was very enjoyable, as we watched the crud rolling over the Divide around us. A fast descent down the Otira Slide, soon saw us hitching along the road to reach the car. We were soon supping up at the Jackson's pub where a pleasant hour or two was spent. The night was spent at a pleasant little place on the coast called Okarito in the old school house—now a youth hostel.

A quiet New Year's Eve was spent in Wanaka, followed by a few days of sunbathing, water skiing and a spot of unsuccessful fishing.

So ended an enjoyable Christmas trip.

Tony Oliver.

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SKIING THE BIG ONES

"Look out for that tree," says Arne.

Crash!!?

Shit, it's not our night! First a blow-out, then the back wheel trying to wind itself off and here we are in the Oamaru main drag up against a tree going nowhere.

Oh well, I have a feeling that start of bad always ends up good.

And so it was that it took Grib, Pont, Mike, Arne and I 20 hours to reach Mt Cook.

Never mind it's a beautiful Sunday morning but what's that funny-looking cloud over Cook? However, they reckon they can fly us into the Murchison Glacier before the weather deteriorates. Two planes and a pile of gear including lots of goodies. Too windy so we have to land at the lower strip and skin up the glacier to the hut. Not so sure about that food now although the Drumbuie will be worth it. No worries about the weather—we just wish it was cooler.

We arrive at the hut and find its door completely snowed in but quarter of an hour later and we are inside having trouble with our balance. The whole hut has developed a 1-in-4 lean since last time.

You have to make the most of your opportunities so for the afternoon we have our first bomb out across the glacier and skin up above Classen Saddle towards Mt Phyllis. It's a beautiful afternoon as we peer down into the Classen Icefall and the Godley Glacier—a good ski trip sometime.

The run down has the old legs working. The conditions vary from spring snow, to crust through to beautiful powder. A mighty run and the first of many. Everyone feeling pretty tired.

Monday dawns beautiful so it's a short skin up to Starvation Col for a delightful run down the Mannering Glacier—two and a-half miles long and 2,500ft vertical descent. Six inches of light powder has all the boys whooping with delight. Looking back at our tracks is half the fun. Pont has all the Glacier to ski on but it's not enough. The grade levels out to long easy runs. The snow becomes a little crusty but soon it's all over and we are out on the Murchison Glacier again and it's lunchtime.

A one-and-a-half-hour-skin in shorts back to the hut for a lazy late afternoon in the sun. This really is a beautiful place.

Tuesday is nor-west crud so we are confined to the hut waiting to see who will be first to have to go outside and use the thunderbox. Pikelets for lunch. Mike boards up a few draught holes and nails a bracket on the bench so that the primus will at least be level. This is one hut that sure does have a lot of character.

On Wednesday afternoon it clears beautifully so everyone drags themselves out of the pit. A pleasant afternoon skiing on wind-packed powder in the basin up behind the hut. Some nice lighting for photos.

More N.W. on Thursday and more pikelets. Pont starts getting restless ("the perky little chap") and has to be put down. The wind drops, the crud clears and the stars come out. Looks like we will be off over the saddle tomorrow.

Friday is a great day and really demonstrates how mobile you can be on skis in this country. It's a hot grind but with Grib leading we are atop Tasman Saddle by 11 a.m. A nice little run down off Alymer Col after a look down the Whataroa to the West Coast.

"Hey Grib you are still wearing shorts."

The snow is incredible—five inches of light granular stuff on a firm base and all day it makes for neat tracks and mind-blowing skiing.

We pick up our packs and after a short bomb we are at Tasman Saddle Hut. After lunch we ski "the nose-dive"—a beautiful, steep, short run and then do a long skin back up and round onto the shoulder off Hochstetter Dome overlooking the Anna Glacier. Looks like Elie is in good condition.

The col between the twin summits of the Dome is where we skin to. Arne and I ski off the very top.

Probably the best run of the trip is down off the Dome behind the hut. Those five sets of parallels in the late afternoon soon tell a fantastic story.

Next morning at 5.15 a.m. it's on with the skis and we have the funny experience of skiing by headlamps over to the foot off the Anna Glacier. On with the skins as the dawn arrives and up to 9,000ft. Leave the skis, rope up and set off plugging. A steep traverse in the deep insecure snow is the only problem and by 11 a.m. we are sitting on top of Elie de Beaumont. It's a perfect day and the heat is incredible. By 12.30 p.m. it's time to leave for cooler places and more important our skis.

More of the same deep delightful granular snow as we swoop down the Anna although the bridge across the big slot forces us to slow down. By 5 p.m. we are all back at the hut after a very satisfying day. The head of the Tasman has been more like a regular skifield with all the loopies about.

On Sunday we ski and skin down the Tasman right to the foot of the moraine wall below Ball Hut. Rock climb up to the hut carrying skis is unfortunately not the way to finish what has been a really good trip. Skiing the big ones is the ultimate!

Chris Jackson,

for Graeme Buchanan, Tony Oliver, Arne Cleland and Mike Doig.

SWEAT — BLOOD and TEARS

Sweat, blood, and tears, sums up the history of that great home on the range, that shelter on a hill, that home within a home; that MECCA!!! . . . of all trampers . . . and school kids, and bikies, and loopies, and squares, and dead opossums, and bugs, and things that go bang in the night, and . . .

Yes, that's how it is with old faithful—still standing (remarkable) still offering shelter (incredible) and still defaced for fueling the fire (expected).

SWEAT—saw "Green Hut" built many many years ago, by a handful of good keen Kiwi trampers (from Dunedin and environs no less) in their spare Saturday afternoons. They did town labour on Saturday mornings, did no work on Sundays, and had genuine Kiwi hair cuts.

Today, a different sweat is used to pull the hut down—to date, a number of bunks have disappeared, a table, two forms, and odd bits of walls and windows.

BLOOD—shelter was the cause of the hut to be built; apart from being sheltered, the urge that every vivacious, sensual, virile, and bum tramper get's to go bush, can be prolonged.

TEARS—those crystal droplets of sun-filled splendour that roll down your cheeks (and smudges my ink) when you find our dear, old, beloved, and WORK PARTY maintained hut, is . . . no more . . . sniff . . . sob . . . no more than a heap of ashes in the fire-place, and a pile of rusty metal on the floor . . . is no more.

And DO I CARE . . . let's see.

Tick, tick, tick—click—tick, tick, tick—click B-b-b-r-r-tit-tit-tit-tit-it. YAM—CRASH! as I fall from my bed in a sleepy stupor; dash around looking for a nice warm woman (not now you fool—later)—er warm clothes; I bolt into the clubrooms (from the pearl of the plains—in a gloriously spring warm Saturday (these aren't very easy to get into either): Ahhh—birds singing, sun shining, hairs on my legs bristling, packs squeaking, boots talking, women bouncing.

'Tis truly a good morning for a work party.

A short period is taken now for back slapping, sharpening slashers,

cutting fingers, drying the early morning shower from your hair, and fighting over—hold it—discussing who is going to take who, and who is going to who where, and where is who going—(if you understand that, I'll give you a job).

The "Ricies" were away first—eh—did I see motor bikies going on an O.T.M.C. trip—well they took up some heavy gear—I mean HEAVY gear (and not a Credence Clearwater Revival L.P. either).

While some went this-a-way, we went t'other way—what do we think of Costelytytra zealandis cars—mighty!

From here you can take my word for it that we did actually leave the cars, and walk to Green Hut.

I think someone closely related to PETER PAN and WENDY must have thought the saw and slasher poking out the back were wings—he disappeared in a cloud of dust—sorry—a shower of spray—and was to be found at Green, already organising repairs—gun, eh.

The back-up crew (carrying more essential materials, like food) duely arrived (after being subjected to the pong of entrails hanging in the trees) to see just what these here work parties are EXPECTED to do—NOTHING—you work only if willing, able, or inspired—or maybe asked.

Two walls were almost completely removed and reconstructed from the local timber mill (N.Z.E.D. for ever—yay, yay) as were the frame works for the new bunks—double bunks even! Coorr! . . . Steptoe-type smile; Philips-type snigger.

Shortly, a representative of the bikies arrived in a "ZIG-ZAG" sort of fashion, to give some of his dynamic drive, of nails, after dismounting his bike at the hut, almost, which handled like a piece of the old proverbial on the mountain road.

Mr Zig-zag's merry men arrived in a shower of steam and diesel fumes of the navy's chief engineer, who brought in galvanised iron for the walls.

A new "Oamaru Stone" fire-place was erected and a black brew was seen to materialise . . . Yuk . . . NO MILK! . . . Tiggers don't like that stuff.

A "Bon-brush" man provided a fully-reconditioned witches broom stick (with the broom) but due to its design it never could take off; so the end result is a very satisfactoralilililil cleaned floor.

One bod must have loved his past jail life, as he constructed thief-proof windows of bars. Roof ridging was invented as was floor patches, and a brand new door step of the most brilliant type. A new door—of steel—is to be made and erected: I don't volunteer to carry it in!

Some odds and ends were done, such as bringing up wood (keep our hut green campaign) and it is hoped that in the near, far, or further distant future, with a little begging, borrowing, stealing, Jewish kaniving, and a little help from my 18 carat friends, the water tank will be pheonixised into re-use—Hmmm.

Well, all this has taken place in a glorious day of bird song; and we all had been given the opportunity to experience and to put into practice, on the spot creativity, genius, and inventory . . . take your pick. Only a day of hidden talents, turned a shack, back into a hut of use and comfort, and left me, and the others, with a very real sense of achievement—What a mighty feeling—it's not even hard work.

When the N.Z.E.D. and a Toomies Chair is crossed, it generates a bright spark. A source of energy to be seen, appreciated, and the example followed—with a cool ale.

Next time, you give it a go, even if you're at the stage where you think you're beyond help—oops—helping.

You won't regret it.

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Allan Fredric.

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ESCAPE FROM THE RAT RACE

After quite a few months of inactivity because of work we discovered we had an extra day up our sleeves as Australia kindly celebrated Australian Day which is in late January. This meant we had two full days to go somewhere, so when Bryan finished work at midnight Saturday we set off to the Snowy Mountains, Blue Lake in particular.

It's a very long way to the Snowies, about 300 miles, so we took turns in driving until it was just becoming light and we were nearly asleep. Time for a stop on the side of the road and a two-hour kip. We woke to brilliant sunshine so off we set again arriving at Spencers Creek at 10 o'clock where, we discovered, we had to walk the remaining three miles to Charlotte Pass as the road had been washed away by previous rains. The weather was sunny but a very cold wind and the occasional clouds flying by.

It was a long haul up the road and with new boots it didn't make it any easier but we eventually arrived and sat down to consult the guide book on which direction to take. We met up with an English couple who were also wondering which direction to go as they were going on a day walk to Blue Lake.

We set off in the general direction of the Snowy River and unfortunately couldn't run fast enough to catch a truck that was crossing the river to go to one of the huts, so it was boots off and wade through stopping for a brew on the other side while we dried our feet. It's funny how protective one gets about new boots. We then wound our way up the track to the Soil Conservation Hut as the crud rolled in. Another hour and we could hardly see in front of our noses and it was cold!!! (Who said that it was always hot in Australia?) We both nearly suffered frostbite of the thighs.

As we climbed higher we came out amongst huge snow patches that had been left from the previous winter. Apparently there is usually no snow around at all during summer. After playing around on the snow we went back to the track and our packs and turned off on the track to Blue Lake which is situated 6,200ft above sea level and north-east of Mt Kosciusko. It was quite a drop down to Blue Lake and to where we decided on a camping spot. The mist was still very thick and it was freezing, also blowing a howling gale. We managed to find a flat enough spot amongst the gentian plants and protected by a band of rocks. We thumped around for a while to make sure no snakes or spiders were around. We had been told the Funnel Web Spiders were there in their hordes also Copperhead Snakes (both deadly) which tended to put us off our trip slightly so we checked on our guide book and it said, quote: "The large Funnel Web Spider found among snow grass tussocks is very aggressive and should be kept at arm's length"; unquote. We didn't even want to get that close but I had sewn a ground sheet into the tent so that they could only attack from the front and to stop that I had sewn in a mosquito net and that was held firm at the bottom by boots and packs.

After pitching the tent we crashed for three hours seeing as we had only had a couple of hours sleep the night before and we were both exhausted, and in such cold and mist what else could one do. We got up in time to make tea and flop again for the night.

Luckily we had all our warm gear with us and did we need it. I might add I have spent a couple of the coldest nights in my tramping life, in Australia. One is the Blue Mountains and this night at Blue Lake in the Snowies. When we woke in the morning the sky was clear and it was a beautiful morning with not a cloud in the sky. Feeling somewhat refreshed after about 15 hours of sleep we got up to find the billies all frozen over and a crisp frost outside.

We quickly had a bite to eat and set off to do some rock climbing. We found a climb called "Pete's Corner" which we did. Not very hard for Bryan but hard enough for me. After that it seemed too nice a day for

rock climbing so we set off up a little hill behind the lake. As far as I know it didn't have a name so we can't put it into the ascents list.

Walking through the low alpine scrub and flowers was most enjoyable only marred by the occasional thought of snakes and spiders. There were thousands of little holes in the ground. We never did find out what lived in them. Our day passed quite quickly with Bryan doing a couple of solo rock climbs while I pottered around, glissading on snow patches and up and down hills.

By two we decided it was time to pack up camp and get back to the road. It seemed a much shorter trip out than in as we arrived back at the car by five which wasn't too bad considering I really hobbled back down the road (new boots and roads don't mix). It was about two in the morning when we arrived back in Sydney after stopping for an hour for tea at Canberra. It was a most enjoyable break from the rat race of Sydney.

Pauline Laws.

A PLACE TO YOURSELF

"Exams finito—mid-July—where do you go where there's no one else—simple—Nelson Lakes area—give or take a bit."

That was the logic behind yet another wander into the Wangapeka area, 'cept this time turn left into Luna Valley and down the Karama River.

The advice to people who haven't been there, is go—and in winter. Sure it's cold (first time that my boots have frozen inside a hut) but the quiet is fantastic—huts are everywhere in this area—all rivers bridged (they have to be, i.e., gorges, etc.). Local folk lore tells of people turned back on three-week trips due to one river; a day from the start!

All huts are clean and comfortable—even the privately-owned ones—free for your use.

Rivers are stacked with trout—at that time of the year they are spawning so not too good to eat (i.e. they won't bite).

Game is fairly plentiful—if you're quiet; deer and goats generally.

The trip proper started after a fitful night sleeping in what turned out to be perm-a-frost (a little phenomenon nature has of not thawing).

The Forest Service have the duty of placing large huts in areas accessible for the weekend trampers—though palatial they are freezing.

Snow and ice abound though you don't leave the bush at all; rocks covered inches deep in clear ice, grasses with blades covered by circular ice, looking like lances—great for the mind but freezing on the feet.

The whole country has an impression of friendliness—the welcome snow-powdered flats broken by small creeks stir imagination if not the body. Bush robins friendly enough to enter the hut if the door is left open and known to rest on a person's head.

This is a place where a person can dream—no point in being ambitious—you have come to seek yourself and your friend is the mountains and the valley's there to lead you. Forget the hassles of the outside world—these are so insignificant to the grandeur of a glacier reflecting the sun like earth's mirror.

Peace—take it and live where you can find it—tomorrow it will be gone.

This place will always stick with me—I thought it would be a once trip but next time will probably see me back—there is just too much to ignore—from the mining ruins near the Cobb reservoir—the rubbish of passing man—to the tiny ice crystal around a leaf—a passing season.

Reality floods back with the cough and splutter of a car engine but no one can take the magic of that place and that time from you—and neither can you tell anyone it is real truth to you.

C. Sutcliffe.

AN EPIC WITH DAVE McLEAN

It is rumoured that God is an American/tourist/loopy/tramper.

Did you know it rains about 364 days, 12 hours, 55 minutes and 27 seconds in Fiordland?

Good grief!!

The aim of our trip was to get to Dusky Sound via the Gardner Burn—Roar Stream—Seaforth River

On the night we were leaving town in the black Humber 10 the third person had to pull out, unfortunately. We arrived at Lake Hauroko and spent no time in launching Dave's 10' 6" dinghy. The lake was rough, sea spray and waves landed over the bow. As soon as we turned around the last bend we were greeted by a glassy surface with fog emerging from the Hauroko Burn.

That night we slept in the Hauroko Burn Hut and this was where the heavens began their campaign against us, thunderstorms and heavy rain were released. The next day with heavy packs the Gardner Burn was reached. Here we left all tracks and man-made creations behind; it was us and nature. We had no maps, guide book or rope, and knew nothing about the way. It was trial and error. After three-quarters of an hour of bush-bashing up the true right bank of the Gardner Burn we came to a place where great vertical bluffs descended down to the water and no way of going up above the bluffs. A risky crossing was made to the true left bank and we proceeded up the gorge in bush. A boggy, flat site was elected as camp.

After muesli and black pudding we started tramping again. Going high into the bush we came upon deer tracks, ahead we could see grassy flats. These were soon reached. The Gardner Burn forks at this point and we made the decision to go up the North Branch. After getting sick of being tangled in scrub we boulder-hopped up the river-bed.

That night we made camp at the bushline and before tea as we climbed up a steep gully to see if we could see the pass, a basin revealed itself.

Above our tent a thunder-clap and flash of lightning instantaneously went together; the loudest thunder-clap we have either heard.

The morning after the thunderstorm, the weather came clear and we made no haste in getting to the basin and pass. Swooning, dark clouds swirled up the sound towards us. Going along the ridge we lost our bearings so we descended down to a tussock basin on the Roa side and then sidled above the bushline. A flat bush ridge came into sight where huge deer main highways took us to a basin and the bush ridge. The basin looked like a golf course and was so named. Clumps of solid ground and trees in peat moss. We continued down this bush ridge keeping on the Roa side. After descending a few bluffs, we reached the Roa Creek and followed it down to the Seaforth River. A blow; no rope so the river couldn't be crossed. We camped on the bank of the mighty Seaforth knowing that the track was on the other side. In the morning, we found that the Seaforth had risen about six feet.

We tried to get to Dusky Sound from where we were hoping to get a boat across. Everything was going okay until we reached a bend in the river resulting in us going around in circles in waist-deep river. After three hours' swimming in circles—it is not the best, you know—we had lunch and turned back to the camp site to find it was under about two feet of water. We managed to cross the Roa and continued up the Seaforth where we climbed high in the bush to avoid bluffs until a campsite was found.

We were getting worried as we didn't know where we were or where the nearest hut or bridge was and I had forgotten to tell my parents where we were going and when we were due out.

"Dave, do you think we will get back alive?"

We survived the night and continued in continuing drizzle to the river, but ended going round in circles again; however, with the help of the



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compass we eventually found the river, and followed the bank. Again we tried to cross the river but with no success so we retreated back to the bush, ending high up above gigantic, steep bluffs which descended to the river. As we rounded a spur we saw a hut near a lake.

"Trev, that will be Loch Maree."

"Too right, Bruce."

Heading down we came to thick bush leading to the lake. A weka discovered and inspected us then gave us a God-like look! Suddenly we stumbled upon a creek looking towards the Seaforth where a bridge jumped into our sights. The joy was great—we are saved—somebody likes us up there—if Huey doesn't like us (he demonstrated it by pouring the heavens down at us), so there must be somebody else up there.

We got a good fire going, a good tea and an opportunity to dry our sleeping bags. But it was too good to last, another thunderstorm was sent down at us earthlings.

The idea to get to Dusky Sound was abandoned as we didn't have much time left so we retreated to the bridge over the Seaforth, which had risen about six feet so the bank we had been standing on had become part of the river. We got wet crossing the bridge and when we reached the end we hopped into chest, or higher, deep water which continued along the track for 20 yards. We carried on up the track getting into a bitterly cold wind until finally we made it into Lake Roe Hut. That night we had a thunderstorm cowering over the hut and even though we were fully clothed we had to double bunk to get slightly warm. It had snowed heavily during the night and so after an extensive search, we found the track.

We made good time down to Halfway Hut, where we surprised some deerstalkers, who fed us with weetbix and coffee as we told our story. With a chance to dry out our sleeping bags and clothes and with a promise of venison for tea we were easily persuaded to stay the night. They were a good mob and a peaceful evening was passed playing cards and devouring their food.

Next day we carried 50lbs of venison to the boat—well, they told us to take as much as we wanted! We hopped into Dave's boat and roared off down the lake to the car park. Going from the car park to Ohai a cow jumped out on the road nearly causing us to go down a bank.

It was an epic to my way of thinking.

John Begg.



LAKE LUNA—MOONLIGHT—MOKE LAKE

Long weekends usually have quite a few O.T.M.C. trampers in the hills. The time we did the Moonlight it was a different story. In fact there were only nine who ventured out of their warm homes to tramp the frozen grounds of the Moonlight Valley. The people who didn't come don't know what they missed—frozen feet all night regardless of the many pairs of socks, but very spectacular scenery.

We all piled into a rental van, usual place, usual time (late) and headed out towards Moke Lake; where we dropped off the party which was going the opposite way to us. They set up camp amidst the heavy frost while we drove down the road a bit and spent the night in the back of the van.

Next morning saw us tramping up a Landrover track to Lake Luna. The road up was quite steep in its uphill and downhill which were plentiful till we reached the top of the ridge, and saw in front of us a small lake which was Lake Luna. From the top of the hill looking down, the whole lake was visible to the hut down the other end. We headed down to the lake and sidled around its steep sides till we reached the hut, which we didn't use being full of nothing but poison. What we did use, though, was their wood. We'd pitched the tent under the trees and lit a roaring great fire only having to turn and reach to get a great hunk of dry, chopped wood for our fire.

The following day we set off at quite a pace to try and gain what we'd lost in time the previous day. Around mid-day we were expecting to meet the other party and pass them. About 10.45 we got a hell of a fright seeing a couple of people in the distance coming towards us. If this was them we were running really late, but it was two goldminers on their way out. So far we'd been out in the open above the river quite a bit, but it wasn't long before the river dropped into a gorge, which we also dropped into in the aim of finding a hut, which the goldminers had told us about. It wasn't very hard getting into the gorge, but once in it we found many difficulties. Many of the rocks were just sheets of ice, and this causes lots of fun getting through quite a steep gorge. Fortunately the gorge didn't last long, and after being forced to ford the river a few times we were happy to find the hut, which we used to thaw out in and satisfy our hunger with bread, cheese and hot jelly. The hut also marked the beginning of the old water-race that the goldminers had made in the past. This was to be our track for most of the way out and we moved very fast by walking along this. Where it was dug out of the ground we could walk along the edge of it, but when it was going around cliffs in an aqueduct we simply dropped into it and walked very easily along this. By 3 p.m. we'd gone a few miles this way and could see the other party in the distance. We left the water-race around 3.15 where we came across the others having their lunch. They informed us of where they'd tried to go, and told us where they eventually went. They took the latter course, which was up about three hours of hard climbing then down scrubby scree on the other side—all to avoid a very steep and icy gorge which we were told was impassable. It was dark by the time we'd got a couple of hundred feet over the top, but we pulled out torches and kept going, heading towards the dark depths of the valley. We came off the scree into the bush, and after much bashing we found the pipeline which was part of the water-race. We set up the tent in the water-race and spent a reasonably comfortable night there.

Seven, next morning, saw us up and preparing for our third and last day in the Moonlight. The spirits were quite a bit higher than they were the night before and we set off at a good pace. After about three minutes we found where we were aiming for the night before, so we weren't behind time. The end of the gorge opened out to flats above the river, and at the

end of these a Landrover track took us all the way to Moke Lake. We dropped down to the river in the last few miles, and we had to ford the river so many times the water got beyond feeling cold. In the last part of the valley, lack of sunshine didn't help in keeping us warm, and we were pleased to get out in the open to walk the last flat to Moke Lake. We waited a bit at the lake, then walked along the road to keep warm while the others came to meet us—which they did.

Martha Vosseler.

A PART OF A DAY IN THE LIFE . . .

La Perouse. But oh, how the French have a way with their beautiful language. Yet why La Perouse? What is it that is driving me on? An idle fancy? No. A fiercely sought-after ideal? Hardly. A dream of dancing along a crystal ridge in a mime of graceful movement worthy of a composer's noble music? Dream on. Perhaps a wish to say that I have climbed it, all 10,000ft? Yes, getting closer to home now.

God, I hate this heavy pack. It holds me down as if it were the troubles of the world and yet it irks me because I know it is my world, my world is in it.

Why did I say yes? Answer me, you little snivelling runt. Go on, or I'll jump off this cliff, come on, runt; answer me! That's it. The answer; withdraw with dignity, my face a mirror of pain. I can almost see it. My last farewell to them as I leave this God-forsaken valley, mouthing words of sorrow through the noise and perspex. But could I resist the temptation to smile? To laugh?

Faith, hope and charity. Precious little in this valley. It lay in wait, luring on the unwary until once in . . . too late; loss of face is the cardinal sin. A merry chase you lead us, dear, rotten Cook river valley. What grizzly memories of others you have, I'll bet. Stored away to be recalled and compared with the present luckless peasants who have dared enter your realm. Amusement lies around. The rocky valley side stares blankly back, racked with the urge to bellow out a hearty laugh though it knows, full well, to do such as that would admit its cruel and incompassionate ways. The valley must contain its composure. Yes it must take a stance of indifference—liar! Laugh, you bastard, go on; rock me back on my heels. Please: prove that I am right!

Is there a world outside these valley walls? Are there valley walls outside this world? What world? Careful now, don't slip. Your world will come tumbling down after you. I wish all those branches that hold me back would disappear. Please, when is stop, rest, peace?

Shoulders removed from world. Grib smiles, hands the bottle of refresh; a good samaritan. Where were you back there, good samaritan? Second childhood as cool liquid burns a path down parched throat. Chris laughs, dispels the agony going away, coming back. Noddy crouches. I feel you, Noddy. Don; no words, no need. He lives, I look, he smiles. Have a refresh. Come back.

Russell George,

for Mike Notha, Don Lousley, Chris Jackson and Graeme Buchanan
(to prove insanity *is* a group movement).

A GOOD, KEEN TRAMPER—AN ODE TO AN OLD FRIEND

*I met a keen trumper called Ngaire,
Somewhere at a place on the Taieri.
She loves to go tramping on Mountains and Passes,
And to stop with some friends when there's tinkling of glasses.*

*I found her one day at work in a Lab,
She was kind of happy, and yet kind of sad.
As girls for a trip she had rather many,
But oh for a bloke, she had not got any.*

*I'll go, said I, with a smile and a blush,
And the saw's were cooked without any rush.
Packs they soon filled with gears not my own,
Quick, quick back inside—must visit the throne.*

*Let's cut all the cackle, and get on the bus,
We arrived at the venue without too much fuss.
At 5 in the morning our party got split,
So Ngaire and I, we spread out the pit.*

*The stars they did twinkle, they covered the sky,
The Eglinton Road was hard on my thigh.
We woke in the morning—no great rush,
We found our party—or they found us.*

*So on 'ards and up 'ards now we did go,
Our noses are pointing on up to the snow.
Come on Derry, don't yet give up,
Look up there, it's Moraine Creek Hut.*

*It's not very funny when sitting in a hut,
Down comes the ice-axe, clonk on der nut.
So to bed; then to rise; a flash in the pan,
Just me, Ngaire; Barbara and Ann.*

*Up the moraine now, both young and old,
To study the glacier, so blue and so cold.
And to study the view so clear and so new,
Edelweiss, Gentian, and Comprosmia too.*

*Then back to the flats of beech trees and bogs,
The smells of the lichens, and rotten old logs.
Lungs hot and full of clean mountain air,
Streams from the crystal, so fresh and so clear.*

*Grey, and harsh, cliffs tower all round,
Ears are hard listening for each joyous sound.
Trees punching upwards, an effort, a fight,
Streams tumbling down, a dance of delight.*

*My heart it does heave and lets up a cry,
This view and the friends, let them not die.
For memories like these are so dear to us.
Oy! com'on you lot—back to the bus.*

*Ab! the Eglinton River; we thinketh we stink,
All four off't their stitches and into the drink,
The Club it arrives, the Te Anau folk scatter,
Gimme a pie with hot greasy batter.*

*Now the home run, and slumber's begun,
These joys we remember under God's glowing sun.
For tussock and bush, I now feel down-hearted,
For I'm wishing this trip—had only just started.*

Allan Fredric.

GREENLAW HUT

Having hit the pit at 0300 Saturday at the Klondyke picnic shelter and risen at 0630 to sound of fellow trampers breakfasting, our party eventually sorted its gear and set off for Carrington.

Geoff was the only party member that I knew personally. I was agreeably surprised to find Graeme and Bevan were first-year secondary (they build 'em big these days) and Gay rides a Honda 100.

There were no aspiring trip objectives. We were just looking for a pleasant weekend with a wander up Waimak Col on Sunday where Geoff and myself might try our crampons.

We forded the Waimak at Klondyke Corner, and made leisurely progress up the marked track. Progress became even more leisurely until we spotted about 40 flaming trampers charging up the river bed. This event convinced us Carrington must be full and so Greenlaw might be a better bet. We dropped our packs off and charged up to Carrington to find Ross's party in a state of temporary residence and deliberating as to whether they should go on. Dot and Johnathon's parties had already passed through.

Now Carrington house as it shall hereby be known, could be described as accommodating—unfortunately too much so, especially at long weekends and also in view of its handiness to Christchurch.

Ross's party eventually headed up-valley and we returned in rain to Greenlaw, in what was to become another wet Labour Weekend.

Hut numbers swelled to 18 in this 15-man hut, but company was generally pleasant even if Geoff did reckon that four birds from a certain Government Department were a bit "toffee-nosed".

Lightning was the only thing to disturb the night and gave some of us such a start that we shook the hut and thought it was an earthquake.

Sunday was spent playing gin rummy, 500, reading, and just talking, as the rain dampened everyone's enthusiasm for anything other than forced out-door excursions.

Monday morning greeted us with snow, which proved infinitely more pleasant for tramping in than the damned rain.

The Anticrow River was approached with some anxiety and we were joined by some other folk from Greenlaw who appeared to find security in our presence. The crossing presented no problems. Thereafter, we followed Geoff who chose to cross the Waimak at Anticrow Hut and had a fairly strenuous bush-bash to get around Klondyke Corner arriving at the picnic shelter at 1415 and eventually leaving Arthurs Pass at 1600—but that's somebody else's story!

Dave, for Geoff, Gay, Bevan, Graeme.

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SHANGRI-LA TO THE BEANSBURN

Well, the rest of us had quite a trip after we left Ross Davies, and Jonathon and Geoff and the Baguleys and Martha and Martin and the empty packets of Tang, etc., that went with them. The leisurely day's sunbathing and exploration of Shangri-la was to me the essence of the trip. We started to head back home when we set off down the ledges and deer trails from the northern corner of the basin into Hidden Falls.

Shangri-la never ceases to amaze me: there are no blazes on any tree along any of the feasible routes out of the basin, but there IS a set which disappears over a near-vertical cliff, perhaps 500 feet into Hidden Falls. The route marked, starts off down it. There doesn't seem to be any signs of a recent major rock-fall below that cliff, of a scale big enough to have been produced from the demolition of a ridge that was good enough to be a route up. Some further exploration could prove interesting; who wants to come back with me next year?

A rest for a drink of the precious Tang at the river after short-cutting across the wide scree fans, was called for before the slow drag onto "the Cow". The steady haul up Hidden Falls poses no problem, save the excessive sweating involved. We ate our lunch on Cow Saddle, despite the shortage of water, and contemplated the choice of routes from there, as well as the weather. Crud blew through the pass, but blue sky persisted above and so Fiery Col was decided upon, and later, stood upon indeed. A deceptively-short climb up the one most obvious route proved a very enjoyable tramp—heading up to the right by a stream which when crossed, brought us to the foot of a standing spur of ultramafic rock running parallel to the gut of the Livingstone Fault: a deep gutter between us and the mountain. This ridge, although a little steep in places perhaps, was both perfect for friction, and interesting, by virtue of its minerology: certain mining companies had better not hear about the . . .

From the top of this spur, a flat area under the Col itself, we watched a small group of chamois cavorting to and fro. Howden, in front, almost stood on one, which ran off giving its almost sheepish sneeze of warning.

Fiery Col has a pleasant view or two, so we had a scroggin stop and continued to marvel at Martha's endless supply of this delicious brew.

One by one we dropped down onto the Olivine Ledge, along with more chamois. The temperature was rising by degrees. Once on the ledge the sun beat down like a Burmese bastard, and we had to shelter behind shady rocks. We lost Howden in one of these manoeuvres, but discovered him later, staggering, paper thin, sweat dripping off, foaming at the mouth and raving about the time he was downed in the Gobi desert in some mid-summer raid. (Back in '06 wasn't it,—or has someone been dreaming, huh?) Anyway, back to the plot.

Crawling from shade to shade, watching for a tarn that wasn't a mirage, we made spasmodic progress. Dive-bombing keas turned to the patient game of waiting for their next meal to stop kicking. They watched through the cactus and purple sage from their roost high in the thorn scrub, or circled lazily high above, waiting, waiting. Scorched tongued, we faced the burning waste. The weather was too settled; Fohn Saddle and a camp by the lakes in a nice draughty gut beckoned, but no. It couldn't be done. Keas cursed as we stopped to camp by the one decent stream that cuts the ledge, fed by a waterfall for an excellent shower. The big birds could be seen on the skyline, turning to mere silhouettes as the light failed. A chilling fog began to trickle in. After a meal, we settled under the fly for a good night's rest, thankful after the exhausting day.

Suddenly. It happened. The attack! Talons and beaks, claws ripped and tore. The air screamed. Not quite dead, we retaliated. Howden and Roger took the front line, the rest forming a chain from the riverbed, to rebuild the fort which was piece by piece being used as missiles. Air filled

with feather and bloody foam, we fought back the devil's vicious onslaught. Barbara quietly prayed and Dave held up a small cross in defiance, as the two at the front fought on, and I wrote a letter home to my parents. "Just the typical battle scene today, Dad. How's Mum?" I wrote with quill and blood through the cloud of down. Down? Kea or Fairy? What is this? Look, this is getting silly. I wish to protest in the strongest possible terms. . . .

Next morning, wearing head-dresses of coloured feather (and waving um ice-tomahawks??)—look. Stop it. We climbed slowly and painfully onto Fohn Saddle. The idea of camping on the saddle itself still brought us on, but the weather looked like it was finally going to carry out its last 10 days' threats. After a decent lunch by a Fohn Lake with much consideration of the weather, we dropped into the Beansburn. We camped at the foot of the pass, from where we could not see the bad weather approaching, since we thought, if there WAS a clearance, we could have a look somewhere around the head of the Beansburn.

The fly was pitched in the normal way when you have five ice-axes and no poles. However, this design is no use if the wind changes. The wind changed. A light drizzle came in that night. And so it was that a very early start was made, and we dragged our gear the 25 minutes into the bivvy. A lazy day followed in comfort and after a good night's sleep (using both rooms), we moved off down the valley. We left the bivvy together, having posed for various photos, but became a disjointed party at about the bush edge. One half thought the other half was in front, but the former, being in the latter position formerly, did unwittingly pass the latter, and proceeded to tramp the said valley at a great rate. "To catch them up." The latter meanwhile, though the former were behind them (and damned slow), and so waited for the former to turn up. In essence, glorious confusion.

Quoth the former: "Gasp, pant, huff-puff, etc.—Those bastards are doing bloody well!"

Quoth the latter: "Ho hum. I wonder WHAT they're up to!?"

Following the footprints of a party who had been through very recently, the former must have broken a record down to the flats. Finding no one there waiting as planned, the doubts were confirmed. Packs were dumped, a fire started where we could safely leave it, and we set off back up the track with a minimum of gear. In a short while, we got it all together again, as they say. After late lunches, etc., we pushed on down the Beansburn, stopping to gaze fondly into the old ford where certain O.T.C. persons did have a nasty time back in summer of '71-'72. Cringe.

The Beansburn by the Dart junction, was easily forded, as was the Rockburn soon after, which we crossed via the bridge-in-the-gorge method, by way of a side trip. The gorge is quite spectacular, to say the least.

That night was pleasantly spent—our first in bush for a while—by a large fire. 'Twas the 30th of December. On New Year's Eve we got up and charged into the bush, and, chasing deer, tried to zero in on Lake Sylvan. The bush is quite thick, and several bluffs are thrown in to confuse the weary trumper. But Lake Sylvan, despite rumours, CAN be found. After brief stops to chase deer, etc., and to view the countryside from heady bluffs, we came upon the lake. Windfalls are the problem near the lake, and halfway around we collapsed for a feed of Halvas and tinned pineapple. These delicacies had been destined for consumption that night if we hadn't made it back to civilisation (i.e., the pub at Glenorchy). We could almost smell the beer, it seemed like we MUST make it. Especially with all the loopies on the road. Those lovely loopies with their fast cars and lots of spare room . . .

So we battled on. Through the impossible scrub and insanity. Wading out in the lake for speed on the worst bits, but tripping and slipping on submerged logs. Cursing and swearing and going mad . . .

Singin' and hootin' and hollerin', we staggered into a whole pile of loopies who had walked up the highway-type track from the road. Dressed as for a Sunday drive, they observed our rotting attire with wondrous amazement. Where had we come from? Were we dangerous? Was that smell . . . ? Were we "human"? What strange language we spoke . . . How rude we were . . . Appearing out of a dense entangled wall of vegetables. Later on we got no rides from these people. Just more stares.

Lunch and a wash by the Routeburn was necessary before we faced the road. Goddamit, let's get on with it, man—I can hear CARS from here. Almost. Well. Soon we were on the road. And on the road. And on . . . Cars sped past in clouds of dust. Don't they want to give us rides and hear epic stories about Guerrilla warfare by the Sylvan Lake? The exorcism of the ledge? The Burmese sun? The confusion in the Beansburn. The Gobi Desert campaign? The beer we were going to have? The confusion over the food at Routeburn Flats? The thunderclap at Lake Nerine? The BEAUTEOUS Shangri-la? The impossible blazes? The mineral veins? The chamois? My stamp collection? FOOLS! A more dreary life is now theirs for the sake of their cars' suspension! We walked down the road. Crossed the Dart bridge. Then; it happened! Suddenly we all had rides. Suddenly we were at the wharf shed. Then the Ranger's H.Q. Then, even more suddenly, we were at . . . The Pub!

We could now leave the heroes of this adventure to drink themselves to death. Dave Pickard and certain others were there too, but another Beansburn-type confusion occurred, and we didn't see them, even though it seems we must have rubbed shoulders several times. Another belated New Year greeting, Dave.

Taxis, hitches and buses got us all home later on—in Lewisian dribs and drabs. So this untidy ending just saved the heroes from alcoholic poisoning.

It was damn close, though.

Dick Pettinger.



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IF I HAD THE WINGS OF A TURTLE DOVE OR WHAT DID YOU DO IN 1973?

It all started with rain at Glenorchy and this, combined with the weight of the packs, produced a frantic effort to find an excuse not to go. Merv Burke took us up the valley in his Land-Rover and we actually had to get out and walk up to 25-Mile Hut which in essence means we didn't find an excuse.

Just after breakfast next day, i.e., 2 p.m., a rather lethargic-looking collection of human bodies amazed their owners by setting forth upon the journey to Kea Basin. It was full of Australians. One of their party was a joke teller. His jokes got better (and dirtier) as the days dragged by. Each night over their biscuits and milo they treated themselves to a reading from "The Sensuous Man" and a limerick or two. The weather was a partial contributing factor to the relative inactivity for the next few days and finally, instead of climbing Earnslaw we decided to attack the problem of ascending Lennox Pass. This was within the range of the combined brain power of the party and besides it didn't require getting up at some ridiculous hour of the morning (there's nothing better than listening to someone who doesn't want to, having to get up, particularly an Australian).

Lennox Pass was finally trod upon after some bird brain suggested what looked an "easier route", this being followed by a lengthy excursion into the credibility of women's intuition. We could see the O.T.M.C. 50th Anniversary Camp spread the length of the valley and finally something possessed us to take a closer look so a visit to the "folks" ensued.

That night, back at the bivvy, a travelling bug set up shop in one member and another had sympathy pains.

Goodbye, Kea Basin, and back to the Rees Christmas Camp which now looked more like a motor camp. A good old sing-song around the campfire was followed by rain and any thoughts of an early start were smugly thrown back into the seedy atmosphere of various sleeping bags.

Promptly at 4 p.m. the next day the aforementioned bodies stood on the bank of the Rees, their departure heralded by what sounded like a thousand camera shutters moving in unison but actually proved to be a lone "Instamatic". Yes, a crowd had gathered not really to wish us goodbye but to see how far we could get across the river before we were washed away. To avoid any arguments, I claimed salvage rights on the rest of the party and the crowd smiled as they threw rocks and logs at us. Friendly bunch.

We ran across Mason P. and Henry Stoddart further up the track and after helping them to their feet and wiping the boot marks off their faces we exchanged New Year's greetings and advice on where to stay, how to get there and daily room rates.

Everyone knows what the Upper Rees and Snowy Creek are like on hot days!

Late one evening, under a lowering sky a rather stuffed party groaned its way towards the bivvy in the lower Whitbourne Flats. The Dart had proved immense fun keeping us occupied for a few hours. We didn't have tea until 11 that night because we had to rest in order to build up enough energy to work our jaws.

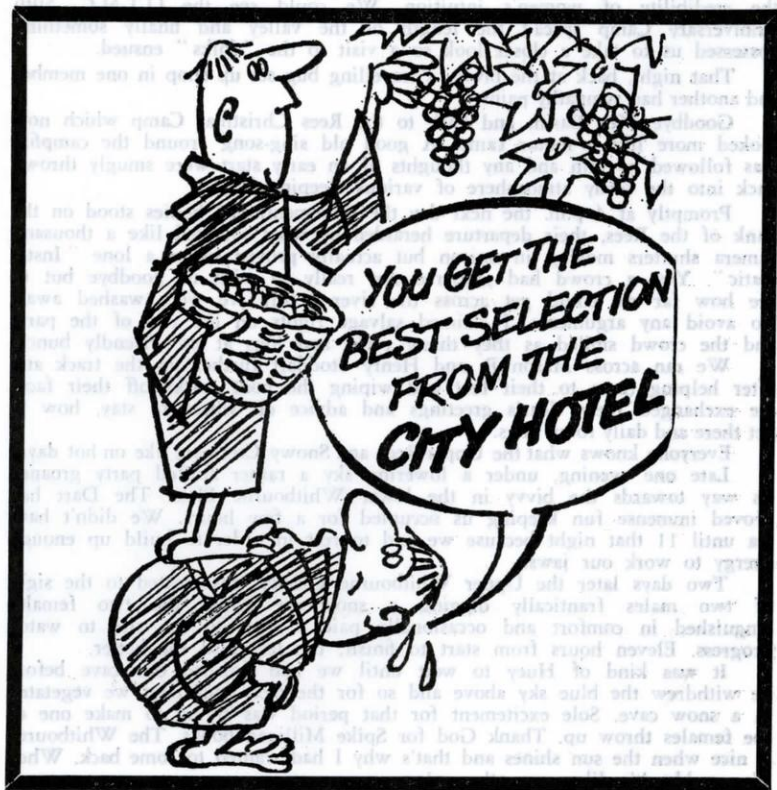
Two days later the Upper Whitbourne Glacier was treated to the sight of two males frantically digging a snow-cave while the two females languished in comfort and occasionally paid a visit to the site to watch progress. Eleven hours from start to finish; the less said the better.

It was kind of Huey to wait until we had finished our cave before he withdrew the blue sky above and so for the next four days we vegetated in a snow cave. Sole excitement for that period was trying to make one of the females throw up. Thank God for Spike Milligan books. The Whitbourne is nice when the sun shines and that's why I had wanted to come back. When it's cruddy it's like any other place.

Homeward bound and after a night at Dart Hut the party went its separate ways. Two went to Wanaka via Cascade Saddle and two went back down the Rees. The 50th Anniversary Camp site was quiet and empty as we passed through, yet just imagine, a few days before it had been the scene of so much activity and happiness; that's life, I suppose.

Russell George,

for Margaret Gilchrist, Arne Cleland, Jenny Markby.



SMUT FROM JUBILEE HUT

*Lo the night was shaken
by a terrifying scream
Nobody was mistaken
for it came from near the stream.*

*The story so it's told
happened in the driving rain
but if the pole is mended,
it will ne'er happen again.*

*The hole was dark and murky
the pole was made of beech
and from the little shelter
came the devastating screech.*

*The lass had gone to visit
to have a quiet think
but little did she know
that she'd topple o'er the brink.*

*The pole it had been weakened
by many pretty bots
but they must have been too heavy
the silly bloomin' clots.*

*Alas, the lady placed herself
and on the job content
when with a crash like thunder
the pole was quickly rent.*

*Her girl friends hauled her from the pit
she was a sight to see
and all the blokes up in the hut
said, thank beek it wasn't me.*

*The rain came down in buckets and helped
to make her clean
as she stood out there and shivered
in the middle of the stream.*

*But soon, was clothed and dry again
and to the hut she went
she climbed with thanks into her bed
her energy all spent.*

*The moral of the story is
when you sit on the bar
hang onto the sides with all your might
and don't lean back too far.*

Chook, now David Still.

This poem was rejected from "Outdoors", 1965.

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"A TALE OF TWO TRAMPS"

Hollyford—Routeburn—Rockburn—Beansburn
Christmas, 1974

Author's note: If you have started to read this trip report expecting one that's interesting, humorous, well-written and only just short of brilliant—then you are grossly mistaken. It is with great pleasure that I present a tedious, blow by blow, run-of-the-mill description, for a change.

For those of you who already know and also those who don't, tramping is merely a matter of putting one foot in front of the other for the duration of the trip. This is what we did. This report would end here were it not for the fact that a major article is required for this mag. Enough has been said. Here is the report—enjoy it!

Early on Sunday the 22, the first party materialised quietly outside N.Z.R.'s depot to board the 8.15 to Milford. Lead by Dick Pettinger it consisted of Barbara Morton, Martha Vosseler, David Whiteford, Howden Finnie and Roger Bailey, with Ross Davies and myself (Jonathan Lewis) constituting 2/7 of the 2nd party. Bus trips are really just like tramps only it is a matter of putting one revolution of a wheel in front of another. Thus buses are incredibly boring. Sleep lost the night before was caught up on, en route, en masse!

Four-leafed clovers are wistfully sought after everywhere, but Lumsden is definitely the place to go folks! Right opposite the bus depot. It is incredible the amount of crap churned out by bus drivers as Loopie fodder. Ours tried to convince us that the "dirty white stuff" on Mt Titiroa (not the name he used) was alpine fungi not old snow. He was wrong on both counts—it's quartz sands. We left the bus at the Divide and made tracks to Lake Howden, stopping to sprint up Key Summit. The party arrived at Lake McKenzie in dribs and drabs and set the pattern for the remainder of the tramp. Me and Ross stopped off at the guided hut for a hot supper thus compounding our lateness. Someone chased a 'possum into the lake and got wet and someone blundered into a guy rope. We finally got to sleep in the wee smalls to the sound of Frank Zappa and Lou Reed.

Morning broke: Loopie tents all along the shore. Howden had a twin banana—2-in-one skin—for breakfast! In apparently no hurry, the party left in dribs and drabs all morning. The weather was more than ideal for tramping, much more. Loopies will never be other than what they are. I never thought I'd see a woman in white nylon slacks, pink cotton blouse and sandals on a track, but I did. The last of us to leave McKenzie made a slight detour on Harris Saddle to see the wreckage of a light plane. Lake Harris is an ideal place for a long lunch. Though we took our time we soon reached the Routeburn Falls Huts where we found the others absorbing unfiltered sunlight on the rocks around the hut. A Greek paradise. I now come to a subject which many are unaware of but which is held in varied opinion by those who are. I am of course referring to keas. Yes, our own little tent-ripping, boot-snatching "Nestor Notabilis". They are undeniably of endearing character and no tramp is complete without them. They entertained us all evening. A helicopter came up the valley with five deer carcasses—oh for a .303!

An earlier start was made to the day, and we descended to the Routeburn Flats Huts in—you guessed—dribs and drabs! The first few down (D.P. and Co.) ditched their gear and motored down the six miles to Bryants Lodge for more food and the other 5/7 of the 2nd party—Geoff Jackson, Martin Doig and the Baguley family (who had already come up to the flats). Ross, Roger and Howden followed Dick later. Because of dribbing and drabbing

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and not consolidating the ranks, on their return it came to light that some food had been left behind; important stuff like Supreme beef, curry, etc., Ross and Dick did the heroes' act and went back the six miles to the lodge again! Many, many thanks. The rest of the parties took off up the North Routeburn and camped on an ideal site just below bushline and beside a waterfall. Ross and Dick trudged into camp late in the evening having covered nigh on 30 miles that day—a supreme effort!!!

Santa left us alone during the night and the sun smote us by day. The parties soon spread out, it being hard to break old habits. Who'd have guessed what had happened in Darwin?) Climbing onto North Col makes good on the old calf-muscles but we did consolidate our numbers at lunch. Well on to Lake Nerine where the weather broke with a penetrating thunder clap. David's urgent cry of "Right-o" spurred a mad scramble down to the lakeside—least we be struck by lightning. Moir's suggested route was covered in snow on scree, so we made our own way. A long, cold, wet, diagonal descent to Park Pass commenced. This was followed by a drag over wet tussock ridges, and a steep descent to Dick's much-talked about, long-awaited "Shangri-la", as the light faded. We'd all been on the track for 14 hours since the last camp, and were glad to enter our sleeping-bags.

"Shangri-la" is a beautiful, gently sloping basin on the bushline half-way up the wall of a valley. Access is not easy and this tends to enhance its beauty. It has two waterfalls feeding the stream in the middle. Oh, I forgot to mention, there are more bushflies there than laughs in a "Goon Show" script. What is more, they are trained in the art of flying in formation and spend much of the night engaged in bombing runs under the tent-fly. Sleep? Er, what is sleep?

The next morning the two parties re-grouped and separated—Ross to take his group down the Rockburn and out, and Dick's group to continue on over Cow Saddle, Fiery Col, Fohn Saddle in the Olivines and out down the Beansburn. In view of what had been done the day before and of what lay ahead, Dick called a day of rest for his party and it was in this state that we left them after lunch. Our ranks were now increased to the strong tally of eight with the addition of Martha. Except for "Shangri-la" we'd had little bother with insects. The Rockburn, however, served to remind us that the little buggers still existed. When we'd made camp, three keas came down and displayed some incredible antics. One alighted in a tree over the campsite and screeched instructions to a second bird which approached the camp in fine commando-style by scurrying from rock to rock or tree to tree, pausing for more instructions. Oh, for a movie camera!

For the last day the going was mostly flat and easy with a brisk ascent onto Sugarloaf Pass. Soon we were down at Bryants Lodge, our tramp over. Dribs and drabs who'd left us alone for the last two days made his presence felt again and dictated the manner with which we returned to Dunedin. The same can be said for Dick's party when they tried to get home—only more so. Many thanks must go to Dick and Ross and, indeed, everyone for an excellent Christmas.

Jonathan Lewis.



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THE HILLS AND THE SEA

*Who hath desired the hills?—the snow-covered heights abounding—
Thy sky-stabbing eyries of rock with the sentinel clouds surrounding?
The mirror-still cups of the cirques with the silvery streams out flowing—
Cold dawn in the valley below with the tops flaming and glowing—
His hills in no showing the same—his hills and the same 'neath each showing:
His hills as he conquers or flees?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise seamen desire them their seas.*

*Who hath desired the hills?—with the guardian forests around them?
Holding and folding the screes where the glaciers have tortured and ground
them?*

*The eye blinding white of the snow-fields with the silence enthralling—
The heart stopping roar of the avalanche with the hillside surging and falling—
His hills in no calling the same—his hills and the same through each
calling:*

His hills as they held him in fee?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise seamen desire them their seas.

*Who hath desired the hills?—the soft, leafy tracks a-winding—
Footfalls scarce heard in the gloom and the forest overhead binding?
The chatter of brook in the noon-tide, the hush and the bird song verging—
The vast, blazing face of the summit and the snow and the skyline merging—
His hills in no urging the same—his hills and the same through each urging:
His hills as he scorns them or sees?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise seamen desire them their seas.*

*Who hath desired the sea?—the sight and the sound and the smell of salt
water—*

*The long, lifting levels of blue or the scream of the hurricane's slaughter?
Caught in the Sargasso seas by the weed that fouled and embayed him—
Rolling forlorn off the pitch of the Horn where westerly winds have stayed
him—*

*His seas from the first that betrayed him—at the last shall never betray him:
His sea as she saves him or kills?*

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise billmen desire them their hills.

Piton Pete.



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Having received a letter from Wendy and Russell asking for something for Outdoors, I decided to give it a bash! I haven't been active in the club for the past four years as my career took me away from Dunedin. But I still have followed my interest in the great outdoors, hence my reason for working in Te Anau.

From my window at work I have a great view of mountains and bush, and I can also breathe that great mountain air!

I have been on several tramps or walks since living here, although was out of action for nine weeks due to an accident (car not tramping). The Routeburn at Easter (bless full huts and all those people), and Martins Bay during the May holidays.

Day trips include Mt Luxmore; "Tower Peak" and Mt Hamilton in the Takitimus; Monument, a bit of a rocky peak near Hope Arm, Lake Manapouri; and Lake Marion. These days trips are one of the advantages of living so close to Fiordland Park. One can wait for a nice sunny day, pack a bit of food, jump in the car and be out walking within 1-2 hours' drive.

I have also enjoyed this area from a different angle as one of my flat-mates is a helicopter pilot and as a result have flown over the park and surrounding areas several times. These trips include Dusky Sound, Big Bay, Forgotten River, Beansburn and Breaksea Sound. A lot quicker and easier than tramping, and one receives a different view of the park.

One example of the different things that can happen down here was a trip to Big Bay. It was a perfect day and I received a phone call at work from a friend. We decided to go and visit one of the whitebaiters we knew. So within an hour and a-half we were landed on the beach and met by Dobby on the tractor and taken up to his hut for a nice cool beer! After an hour's chat and swotting sandflies it was back to the plane and Te Anau, plus 10lb of whitebait!

This is just one of the things that happen living so near to this vast area of mountain and bush.

I am looking forward to the coming summer with plenty of tramping, boating and flying in this area.

Margaret Gilchrist,
September, 1975.

HILL SONG

Apple-green, tobacco-brown
this is my gusty, thyme-scented song.
I breathe the ghost-dim moons
of the heather-soft night.

I have no snow-dreams; no mountain eulogy
I have gorse and thorn and bush
ugly as a man's craggy face
and your memory of my perfume—a honey whisky dream.

If you must die, four-creature, die here
not spinning to pulp from the mountain, nor gulping down
the wave
for I am —

Existence and essence
Unto the last storm, which bends the rose.

Julia Neil.

BUMMING!

Being a bum is frowned upon in our community and it is easy to see why. It is also easy however to see just how attractive such a life could be, with of course a few modifications. I can truthfully say that my present mode of life approaches such desirability. You do have to abandon some ideas like a stash or even a reasonable car, and buying a house, and even that mecca for the New Zealand male of a wife and two kids would take considerable organising. I've met some people who've managed the wife (or husband) or even a steady stream of affairs, but I've failed miserably to manage this for myself.

Security, whatever that means, is also unobtainable; however, the Bible has some comment about not knowing the time to die so maybe nobody has "security".

What I've got going is being a professional skier. Obviously I enjoy skiing and equally obviously I've a lot still to learn. This skill-learning caper keeps me spending money on classes and courses which I fail with disgusting regularity, but it also keeps me interested in being a skier. I was lucky in that I'd just returned from Antarctica and a friend suggested caretaking the Otago Ski Hut: then I was lucky again and asked Sugar (Ray) Robinson, Area Manager, Coronet Peak, if I could be on "ski patrol" and the lucky thing was, I got accepted. One thing led to another and I got a job at Sunshine Village, Alberta. Coming home to New Zealand for the Canadian summer was easier than working and a charter flight at \$700USA was about one-way fare price so things just kept moving along and me drifting with them.

Money can be a problem—you'll never have much unless you're lucky with jobs. Coronet pays \$15 per day, six days a week, and if the field's closed there's no wages. There is no assistance regarding accommodation so you have to pay Quenstown prices if you can find somewhere. Sunshine pays about \$500 per month but only charges \$72 per month for food and board. Beer is rather dearer there at \$2.90 Canadian per jug, but you just have to drink a bit less. No matter what you do you should realise that in being a bum, or a close relative thereto, you are doing something you want to do and your employer will take advantage and keep wages low.

There's no use bitching because you can always return to your proper job which is why I'm glad I became a tradesman first. It means I'm out of step with my fellow bums and way over age as far as the dozens of attractive girls are concerned, but at least I can decide to return to the fold and earn some real money. Not just yet though, life is just too enjoyable.

Ken Blackwood.



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Loughrey Ralph C/- Post Office Upper
Moutere Nelson
Mains Clare 410 South Rd 47-358
Malcolm John P O Box 71017 Rosebank
Auckland
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Markby Ralph & Barbara 45 Signal
Hill Rd 37-545
Markby Geoff 45 Signal Hill Rd Dun
37-545

Markham Clare 73 Signal Hill Rd Dun 39-720
 Marr Peter & Barbara 101 Doon St 42-062
 Mason Bruce 181 Surrey St Dun 48-048
 Mason Ken & Aileen, 77 Corstorphine Rd 49-510
 Mason Peter 181 Surrey St Dun 48-048
 Mercier Rua 12 Strathmore Cres 69-458
 Mess Derek & Ruth 2 Kipling St 44-208
 Millar John 2 Regent St Dun 44-373
 Moffat Winsome 4 Afton Terrace 37-663
 Moore Bruce & Liz 51 Redwood Ave Tawa Wellington
 Moore Mrs P Moore Haven, Skinner Cres Lake Hawea
 Morton Barbara P.O. Box 16 Green Island 32-379
 Motion Grant 23 Tyne St Dun 60-354
 Munro Miss N 29 Arthur St 76-110
 Murray Jillian 27 Passive Grove Porirua
 McArthur David 207 Signal Hill Rd
 McDonald Gordon & Marie 5 Ettrick St Dun 63-101
 McGhie Logan & Sue Waipori Falls
 McGregor I D 135 Winara Ave Wai-kanae
 McIvor Ross 124 Rolla St Dun 39-241
 McKellar Donald 34 Claremont St 60-619
 McKellar Helen 34 Claremont St Dun 60-619
 McKellar Peter 34 Claremont St Dun 60-619
 McKenzie Colin 427 Main South Rd Brighton BGN 301
 McLeod Sharon 5 Prosser St Green Island 32-567
 Needs Bill 10 Severn St Abbotsford 32-094
 Neil Derry 12 Regent Rd Dun 79-715
 Nelson Jean 58 Victoria Rd Dun 42-458
 Newton Colin 195 Signal Hill Rd 37-605
 Nilsson Ron Centre Rd RD 1 Ocean Grove Dun
 Oliver Tony 30 Scotland Ter GI 32-474
 Olsen Lindsay 8 Finnimore Ter, Vogel-town Wellington
 Ombler Eugenie Upper Junction, 2 RD Waitati
 Paterson Donald 93d Musselburgh Rise Dun 45-286
 Pearson Angela 17 Barton St
 Pearson G A 146 Ilam Rd Chch 4
 Pettinger Richard 22 Agnes St Dun 35-352
 Pettinger Sid & Jean 22 Agnes St Dun 35-353
 Phillip Rod Students' Union Lincoln College P O Canterbury
 Pickard David Karaka Farm Manaia Rd, RD 5 Masterton
 Pike Denise C/- 26 Ellesmere St Rav
 Pledger John C/- Holy Cross College P O Box 4 Mosgiel
 Pullar Trevor & Margaret 49 Shandon Rd Waverley 44-966
 Raffles Mike 116 Norfolk St 48-677
 Rawlings Rusty & Jeanne 98 Forbury Rd
 Richardson Terry 9 Meadowville Ave Spreydon Chch
 Rodgers M 4 Elmslie Rd Pinehaven Silverstream Wellington
 Roe Cyril 44 Daysm St Naenae Wgtn
 Scott Ellen 30 Maybank St Opoho 39-891
 Scott Lindsay 11a Highfield Pl Avon-head Chch 4
 Silvester Johns 8 Thorp St St Johns Auckland 6

Sinclair Robert
 Smith Allan C/- 86 Glenpark Ave Dun
 Smith Ian 64 Belford St Waverley 44-882
 Smith Murray 18 Coleridge St Roslyn Dun 66-467
 Smith Paula C/- Nurses Home, Public Hospital, Waimate
 Staynes Francis 5 Henry St 65-083
 Stevenson Jonathan 19 Linwood Av 60-607
 Still Dave 59 Ascot St St Kilda
 Stubbings D 175 Tanner St Grasmere Ingl
 Sutcliffe Colin Student Union Lincoln College Canterbury
 Tate George 7 Cherry Lane Balclutha
 Taylor Mrs M I Strathearn Wairuna RD Clinton
 Terpstra Judith 37 Glendevon Pl Waverley 44-372
 Thomas Mike C/- P.O. Box 303 Oamaru
 Thomson Allan 101 Main Rd Fairfield Dun 31-524
 Thomson Peter 78 Matai Rd Wanaka
 Thorne Stuart Mr & Mrs Main Rd Wanaka
 Tilly Horace Mr & Mrs 64 Balmacewen Rd Dun 60-096
 Townsend Robert P O Box 11-073 Manners St P O Wellington
 Varco Garth & Kath Soames Island
 Quarantine Station Box 38-155 Petone
 Vosseler Martha 22 Korimako St St Leonards 87-373
 Walker Brett, 18 Aberfeldy St Caversham 47-536
 Whiteford David 451 Leith St 80-707
 Wilden Penny 66 Easter Cres Dun 47-394
 Willemson Louis 140 London St
 Wilson Norman 120 London St
 Wright Simon 44 Glendevon Pl Waverley 45-253
 Young Brian 27 Lynwood Ave Dun 69-441

LIFE MEMBERS

Mesdames P. L. Moore, L. Campbell, M. McDonald, Messrs B. Campbell, J. Freeman, S. Gikison, E. W. Hunter, R. Keen, F. B. Moore, G. A. Pearson, A. Thomson.

The editor apologises for any mistakes or omissions in the compilation of this list.

NOTE

Unless stated otherwise, all the above addresses are in the Dunedin City area.

Abbreviations used are as follows:—

Abbotsford (Ab)
 Alexandra (Alex)
 Broad Bay (B B)
 Concord (Con)
 East Taleri (ET)
 Fairfield (Frd)
 Green Island (GI)
 Henley (HY) dial 21
 Macandrew Bay (Mac Bay)
 Mosgiel (MSI) dial 2
 Portobello (Pbilo)
 Ravensbourne (Rav)
 Sawyers Bay (S B)
 Vauxhall (Va)
 Waverley (Wav)

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